Freedom is Slavery

Summary

The Avatar is dead, the Earth Kingdom has been razed, and Katara-- one of the last great leaders of the dwindling resistance-- has been captured by Azula, Firelord and de facto ruler of the world.

But instead of a show trial or the public execution Katara expects, the former Princess has decidedly more complex and salacious plans for her.

Katara has weathered great physical and psychological pain, but pleasure may prove an altogether different kind of threat.

Notes

This was a Femslash Kink Meme fill I worked on a couple years ago (I ended up plotting it out for maybe a total 8 chapters altogether) but haven't finished. I want to try and complete it, but hopefully what I did get done is worth a look, haha. I've been hesitant to put it up publicly just bc I don't know what kind of market there is for this specific setup, or where I want to take it.
"Well, isn't this a sight."

Even after what felt like an eternity of staring at three cramped stone walls and a row of iron bars, with only the occasional bit of light from an out of reach window and periodic scraps of food to sustain her, Katara felt a bit of pride that it only took the sound of that one, specific voice to instantly make her alert with an almost blinding fury.

"I have to admit, I really didn't think any of your band of rebels would have attempted an attack on the Capital again after that sad little failed invasion, much less on the day of the Comet. You must have been truly desperate."

Craning her head up, movement impaired by the heavy shackles pulling her arms back and keeping her close to the cold ground, the young Waterbending Master glared up to find Azula, Princess of the Fire Nation, flanked by a pair of Dai Li agents from her time in Ba Sing Se.

Ba Sing Se.

To Katara's credit the subtle reminder of her greatest failing-- with Azula, there was no such thing as an accidental detail-- wasn't the thing that caused the slightest hint of horrified realization on her face, at least not so much as Azula's new sweeping cloak and topknot adornment suggested that her title of 'princess' might no longer apply.

"Ah, these old things?" Azula acknowledged, noting her adversary's expression. "You missed a lovely coronation, I'm afraid. Of course, you where there when I was crowned Firelord, since you were foolhardy enough to face me alone. But after dear Father razed the Earth Kingdom, it was quite clear that even with the boost from the Comet's power, he had... overextended his reach. To think, for such a powerful monarch to die in his sleep so shortly after his ascent to ultimate power..."

There was a click of Azula's tongue as she looked away, the brazenness of her feigned grief laying bare the extent of her deeds, which to Katara's bewilderment had clearly paid off. Azula continued in a familiarly carefree tone, as though she'd been speaking of nothing more interesting than swatting a cricketbeetle.

"Well, I suppose what's past is past. To be honest, 'Phoenix King' sounded a bit too desperate for praise as titles go. 'Firelord' is much more elegant. Gets the point across nicely, I'd say."

"You must be desperate for company if you came here just to gloat."

It had sounded so much stronger in Katara's head before she'd said it, instead of the slight waver with a hint of weariness that came out. Her anger only took her so far, and the water-soaked sponge her guards had used to keep her barely hydrated wasn't enough to give her the commanding tone of voice she so deeply desired.

The disparity wasn't lost on Azula, who gave her captive a cruel, mocking sneer as she shifted down to the balls of her feet to match eye level with Katara.

"Well, it's nice to see you can talk after all. I was beginning to think my favorite Waterbending peasant was giving me the silent treatment."

"I know you haven't kept me alive this last week... for friendly conversation," Katara retorted,
fixing Azula with a determined, steely gaze despite her fatigue. "...So if you're going to do something to me, just get it over with. I won't talk if you torture me, and if you kill me you'll have a martyr for the resistance on your hands. You might have beaten me, but you won't defeat us. Understand, Princess?"

Katara wasn't sure if she'd expected Azula to feel indignant or threatened by her words, but a moment of snide laughter definitely wasn't the response she'd hoped for. It was somehow more unnerving that her two Dai Li guards simply stood at attention, eyes hidden by the brims of their wide hats. Calming herself, Azula replied.

"I suppose I shouldn't laugh quite so much. There's really no way you would have been able to grasp the full scale of your situation from your cell, is there? My dear little peasant, the Earth Kingdom has been utterly destroyed. Or at least, their continent and a significant portion of their population has been. All the relevant leaders of the mainland have signed our terms of unconditional surrender, and while your Northern Water Tribe put up quite the struggle over a year ago, our little show of force has made them... considerably more amenable to negotiation."

"As to your precious resistance," she continued, "...my generals estimate that we've captured around 89 percent of their remaining hideouts, with the rest to fall within weeks at best. Oh, and just so you know... you might actually be serious about not giving up your comrades under coercion, but... well, let's just say not all of those comrades have your strength of conviction."

"Oh, don't look so glum," Azula taunted, and Katara cursed internally, having been so certain that even in the face of such a dire reality she had at least been able to keep her emotions hidden. "I only mean to say that there's nothing for me to gain from torturing you that the Fire Nation Army won't find out soon enough on its own, and there's no rebellion of any real sort left to martyr yourself for. In short, my dear peasant, the war is over, the cycle of the Avatar is broken forever and you and your precious friends have lost."

There was a long, deadly silence that hung in the air at Azula's final words, and for all her implacable will Katara found herself quietly fumbling for something to shoot back at her enemy. Some bit of knowledge to wipe the smirk she just knew was plastered across the former princess's smug face. There was a small bit of comfort in knowing that the odds Toph had evaded capture were high-- the second a single Fire Nation soldier got anywhere near the Master Earthbender she'd have the upper-hand, after all-- but she was smart enough to not draw that to Azula's attention.

Sokka was brilliant, but things had been dire when they'd split up to handle their separate fronts for the arrival of the Comet. He'd been agitated by the thought of Suki's disappearance since Azula herself had taunted him with it during the Black Sun invasion, and they'd spent so much time following false leads afterwards she wasn't sure what he might have done if one had sounded even remotely promising.

And Zuko...

No. After what had happened in the Crystal Caverns below Ba Sing Se, and then seeing him again briefly during the invasion...

It was strange how much that utter disdain for him in the face of his betrayal turned to pity that day. She could hardly blame him for not joining the fight.

"So why not just kill me?" Katara finally spat out, her anger feeling more futile by the second, but more valuable than letting even a hint of her dread and burgeoning hoplessness come through. "Either end it right here, or give me my bending back and we'll settle things in a proper fight. Or are you too scared of a 'Waterbending peasant' to risk the chance of your people seeing their
Firelord humiliated?"

At that Azula's smirk finally faltered for a moment, and Katara allowed herself a defiant smile. If she could actually bait Azula into a fight... even if she did lose (though she doubted it), she could certainly give the self-appointed Firelord a good thrashing, one that even her most loyal subjects would be whispering about long after she'd died. A legend to keep the spark of rebellion alive even in the darkness of the Fire Nation's tyranny.

And yet, a small part of her just wanted it to be over, to goad Azula just over the edge fast enough for her to strike her down without any more pretense. Dying the way her mother had all those years ago, alone and in a flash of flame... there was a certain poetry to it, she supposed.

But then the brief look of indignance Azula had worn just a moment ago faded as she came back to Katara's level, and fixed her with a steady, certain ease.

"Tell me, peasant. Do you know how long you've been in this cell?"

"Is that a trick question?" Katara spat. "I just said, it's been a week."

"Are you sure?"

Katara opened her mouth to reply when the cool certainty of Azula's tone, the sadistic mirth of her grin, stole her words away.

No. She was just playing tricks with her, trying to get Katara to doubt what she knew, the validity of her surroundings. She knew Azula was a liar-- maybe the revelations she'd just laid at her feet were half-truths, meant to make her give up some crucial detail in a panic.

But as she thought more on the question of time, tried carefully to mentally retrace the seven periods of light and darkness that crept through her tiny window, she felt something... missing. A gap. But the second she tried to concentrate, peel the seemingly innocuous void back, she felt a sharp pain in her forehead, so sudden and intense that it took all her strength to bite her lip and keep herself from screaming out. And the second she let it go the pain vanished, leaving her gasping from the mental exertion, sweat beading down her cheeks.

"Not so sure now, are you?"

If Katara had looked fearsome before, she glared at Azula with something like a palpable murderous intent now. the sudden lurch forward she gave, even held down in her restraints, was enough that even the Dai Li guards shifted into a combat stance before Azula calmly motioned for them to stand down.

"What did you do to me?!!"

"You know, of all the wonderfully nasty little tricks the Dai Li have at their disposal, I have to say their 're-education' techniques might be my personal favorite," Azula answered the visibly shaken Katara coolly. "Even with their Lake Laogai base destroyed, the principle is simple enough to to establish, oh... anywhere, really. I have to admit, you should be proud-- of the group we started you with, you held out the longest-- I started to wonder if you might be too strong-willed to be re-conditioned, but... well, I'm glad to say that isn't the case. You really didn't think you couldn't Bend because my Ty Lee kept chi-blocking you, do you?"

Katara blinked, the color draining from her face as she gingerly tested the limits of her memory, 'feeling' out more and more of these memory gaps, going back far longer than a mere week. There
was no way to tell how long she'd been here, and even the week she was so certain had passed before could be contrived as well.

"I'll let you in on a little secret," Azula prompted, not waiting or caring if Katara was actually listening or not. "When you first arrived, my first instinct was to have you re-conditioned as a sleeper agent. Send you back to your friends with a few convincing injuries, have you kill most of them in their sleep, save the leaders for torture and public executions... maybe release you from control right after you yourself had brought down the last of what you held so dear, and give you the small mercy of letting you end your own life."

Katara felt numb the longer Azula elaborated on this scheme, the last of her bravado replaced with genuine terror. She remembered what had happened to Jet, and the knowledge that they could in fact command her to do any one of those things and she would see it through without hesitation... it was beyond cruel, even from what she thought she knew of Azula.

"But... as i've said," Azula continued after a long pause, "I really don't have any pressing interest in hunting down the rebels anymore. It really is only a matter of time until they admit defeat or die. As much as it might set my general's minds at ease to know that any potential for insurrection was soundly crushed, I'd rather keep what little bit of intrigue is left in this world to let it play itself out. And the same goes for you, my little Water Tribe peasant. As poetic as it might be to use you like a tool against your allies, it strikes me as a waste. Far too unimaginative a fate for a thorn in my side like you, I would say."

"...So what do you plan to do with me then?"

Even as she noticed Azula's fingers slip under her chin, bringing her gaze up to the Firelord smoothly but insistently, Katara didn't react. There was something inscrutable in the way she looked down at her, though it gave her the impression of an animal toying with its prey.

"You know, it's quite funny. You and your friends-- your precious Avatar-- gave me such a headache for so long, I wanted nothing more than to kill every single one of you. Especially you. Imagine. Me, the rightful heir to the Fire Nation, fought... challenged, even... by a simple girl from the devastated Southern Water Tribe. The last of their Waterbenders, and by all accounts a Master in her own right. Even if my most trusted adviser had described it in explicit detail I would have had them thrown in an asylum for speaking such nonsense."

"I could kill you right now, with the slightest movement," Azula continued, and there was the slightest grazing of Katara's neck by one of those clawed fingers, but she held steady. "... and yet after all this I have no interest whatsoever in ending your life. A creature of such rarity, like yourself... she has no place mounted on a wall. Rather, she should be put on display, don't you agree?"

There was something strange, almost dangerous in the way Azula looked at her, a sort of greed Katara didn't place until she felt Azula's thumb drag carefully, slowly down her cheek. She blinked, hardly able to believe what the Firelord was suggesting, until she made her intent clear.

"You should be flattered, peasant, that you've captured this much of my attention. So to answer your question... I intend to make you mine. What do you say to that?"

Her answer came quickly as Katara, given a sudden burst of adrenaline, snapped her teeth viciously at Azula's hand.

On instinct, Azula had jerked her hand back, but not before Katara had managed to nip deep enough into her thumb to draw blood, causing the Firelord to cry out sharply as she retreated from
the bars of the cell, her Dai Li guards quickly launching their stone gauntlets ahead to pin Katara to the far wall.

"FUCK YOU! I'd rather die than be your fucking puppet!" Katara screamed, the fury in her eyes renewed, the splash of blood along her lip and cheek giving her a wild, feral look as the Dai Li held her back. Azula's calm facade finally dropping as she glared viciously back at her attacker, the dim firelight of the dungeon thrown into stark relief as her signature blue flame sprung to life in her uninjured hand.

For a brief moment, Katara thought she might have finally bought the death that, at this point, seemed far preferable to whatever life held in store for her future. But the moment passed, and Azula's flame faded, her own anger melting into a bemused smirk.

"That's it. That's the look I was waiting for."

There was a twisted sort of affection to Azula's words that left Katara shaken, but no less angry. One of the Dai Li reached out to her, insisting that she needed medical attention, before she waved his hand off. Maintaining eye contact with Katara, she lifted her wounded thumb up to her red painted lips, and there was the briefest flash of her tongue as it dragged along the bite.

"I knew you were something truly special. But don't misunderstand me, peasant-- I have no interest in an obedient doll with no will of their own. True, there's a certain... charm to the idea, but in practice it's less than satisfying. There's only so much satisfaction to be had from a docile little Joo Dee, even in groups," she hinted with a grin.

"Obedience compelled against one's will offers no satisfaction. But choosing to submit under one's own power? Oh, that is something different altogether." At that Azula calmly approached the bars again, and motioned for the Dai Li to pull Katara up with their stone gauntlets as far as her chains would allow her, bringing her nearly to Azula's eye level.

"So this is my promise," Azula said, quietly regarding her prize. "I have no interest in robbing you of your free will, but thanks to the Dai Li I can certainly make your next days... interesting. I will claim you as I see fit, and when the time is right, you will choose to be mine."

With that threat hanging in the air, Azula turned on her heel, then began to leave the dungeon.

"Continue her training," she spoke to the two Dai Li still holding Katara. "I want her ready to begin in three days time."

"Yes, Firelord Azula," the pair responded in unison, and as Katara let out a scream, the second set of stone gauntlets covered her face and mouth, and everything went black.
Orders

The fact that her memory of the encounter with Azula remained so vivid, honestly, was the thing that worried Katara the most now.

She had absolutely no recollection of the days that followed it, only that she found herself abruptly being led by a pair of Dai Li agents down the polished marble hallways of the Fire Nation Royal Palace, the silken robe she now wore over what one of them had coldly referred to as her ‘uniform’ a stark contrast to the decidedly grim atmosphere of the dungeon.

Azula’s promise—or rather, her threat—weighed heavily on her mind, and the fact that she felt in complete control of her mental faculties only unnerved her more. If Azula had no intent of having the Dai Li alter her thoughts or make a mindless slave of her, then what was it she’d had them program into her? Or was even that a misdirection?

Glancing about the hall, Katara fought the urge to be sick as row upon row of tapestries depicted Azula in her Firelord attire, blue flame at her fingertips, Sozin’s Comet in the background as she stood atop a desolate depiction of the Earth Kingdom.

Even with stylistic simplification—the tapestry was propaganda more than portraiture—the artist had somehow captured the cruel glint of those golden eyes.

Just as Katara began to feel they’d been walking in circles, the Dai Li brought her to a doorway flanked by two masked Fire Nation soldiers, who silently acknowledged the group by each grabbing one of the large double doors and pulling them open, ushering Katara into an opulent room filled with plush carpets and blood-red walls, a corner of which was adorned in blankets and soft-looking pillows, and curiously, a single imposing, golden chair that faced her from the opposite side.

Even having no personal experience to fall back on, Katara felt her jaw set and her shoulders tense, fully aware of what this room was for and what would happen.

“You will wait here for the Firelord,” one of the guards spoke abruptly. “Make yourself ready.”

Without another word, the guard and their compatriot pulled the doors shut, the thud of the latch setting echoing louder in Katara’s ears than it should have.

Left alone at least for a moment, Katara reached up to her neck, fingers running over the sturdy golden collar around her neck, the smooth painted stone inscribed with the Fire Nation crest inlaid at the base of her throat, feeling a spike of hatred rise within her.

They’d taken her mother’s necklace.

She hadn’t really expected the Dai Li to let her keep it when she’d been presented with what they promised were the last clothes she would ever wear, but somehow having it taken, along with her clothes and everything else stolen from her by the Fire Nation, felt like a punitive slap in the face, one more indignity for its own sake.

It wasn’t one Katara intended to suffer lightly.

Glancing about the room, desperate to formulate a plan before Azula showed up, she noticed a long table full to the brim with fruits and sweetbreads from every corner of the world, along with some heavy pitchers of wine and water; an elaborate locked jewelry box was resting on the arm of the
throne-like chair at the room’s focus, and slim but strong-looking chains hung near where all the blankets and pillows were laid out, along with a variety of leather implements and some other tools she couldn’t quite identify.

At least for the moment, there was nothing here she could use to her advantage, or at least not to plan a real escape just yet. If only she could find some way to get her Waterbending back, and the chains or pillows could be useful for suffocating the Firelord if the opportunity presented itself. But it would take time for Azula to be certain of her victory and of Katara’s resignation to her fate before she would have a real chance of that.

That was fine, she assured herself, clenching her fist. Whatever Azula had planned for her, whatever she’d done to mess with her head, she would endure it and find a way through. She had lived off nothing but hope for years, and she could do it again. She had to be that hope to others now, if the rebellion had any real chance of survival.

At that, the door creaked open again, and Katara’s breath caught as Azula entered, black cloak billowing around her with every step, a few scrolls poking out from under her arm.

“Ah. Arrived on time, I see,” the Firelord said with unnerving casualness. “I suppose today won’t be a total loss then. Remove your robe.”

Katara hesitated for a long moment, then let out the breath she’d been holding before untying the knot of the sash and letting the garment fall, determined to make as little of a display for her captor as possible.

The leering smile Azula gave her as her eyes wandered didn’t help. Katara’s attire was somehow more revealing than if she’d been left with no clothing at all. There was a sheer red fabric forming a sort of halter top that barely covered her breasts and would behind her back, linked to an o-ring that hung from her golden collar, with two matching strips that hung over her pelvis and rear, attached to a slender golden chain that circled her hips, each side of the loincloth accented with slender rubies. Her upper arms and wrists were clad in golden bands with the flame of the Fire Nation embossed into the simple ornamentation, and ruby earrings added a noticeable sparkle along the sides of her neck. Her dark brown hair hung along her shoulders on each side, held each bunch secured at the ends with gold-and-ruby bands, with a long braid hanging down her back and a Fire Nation-appropriate topknot secured with a simple metal hairpiece.

The outfit didn’t leave much room for ambiguity on what Katara’s status was, she supposed grimly. But the thing she hated the most—aside from the fact that what little fabric she was afforded was more for show than modesty—was the little Fire Nation flame her pubic hair had been shaved into. She had no doubt that, by contrast, it was Azula’s favorite embellishment.

“Mmm. Very nice,” Azula purred, though Katara took it as no compliment. “I should have made a slave of you long ago—our colors really do suit you.” When Katara simply fumed in silence as a response, Azula sighed in mild exasperation. “Still, that attitude of yours could use some work, but we’ll see how long that lasts. We have all the time in the world, now don’t we?”

Katara continued to say nothing, but Azula seemed to have lost interest in waiting for a response, and crossed the rest of the room to the ornate chair, unfastening her mantle and draping it over the back as she set her scrolls down.

“I have to say, being Firelord—well, the proper ruler of the entire planet now, I suppose—it’s quite dull, now that there’s no one left to fight back. So many tributes to receive, bureaucrats to indulge, and the paperwork! Ah, sometimes I miss the days there was an Avatar to pursue, a pathetic older
Katara had looked away, doing her best to ignore Azula’s words while she mentally steeled herself for the inevitable, when she noticed Azula taking a seat at her little throne facsimile, reaching a hand over to the jewelry box she’d noticed before and popping open the lock with a click, pulling the lid open and pulling out whatever was inside—

“I suppose you don’t appreciate what you have until it’s gone, do you?”

Katara felt her eyes widen, her jaw drop with shock as Azula shut the lid of the jewelry box with one hand, the other casually holding none other than her heirloom Water Tribe betrothal necklace.

“Give that back.”

Judging by the amount of effort Azula put into her mocking display of incredulity at Katara’s seething whisper, she seemed to know exactly how much of a nerve she’d struck on the captive Waterbender.

“Oh, this? Don’t tell me this sad piece of costume jewelry means something to you? And here I thought I’d given you a much more fitting necklace.”

Katara half expected her to break it, or toss it out the nearby balcony window, one more insult to drive her helplessness to heart, but even she was surprised to see Azula do something far worse.

“Still, I have to admit even Water Tribe trash like this has its appeal,” Azula sneered as she pulled the necklace around her own throat, then tied it at the back before relaxing into her chair to give Katara the full effect of her wearing it. The sea-green carved gemstone seemed to glow against Azula’s collarbone, catching the fading dusklight filtering in from the balcony. “There. I have to say, it suits your Firelord quite well, don’t you agree?”

Katara’s response was, decidedly, less than eloquent.

Too furious for words, slighted beyond even what her tempered pride in this situation would allow, she sprang at Azula as fast as she could, blue eyes flashing dangerously as she pulled a tightly clenched fist back. No plans or even a lack of Waterbending mattered more than hurting this monster as much as she possibly could in the few moments before either Azula retaliated or the guards rushed in to restrain her. Even now, in this state, nothing mattered beyond addressing the unspeakable insult the Firelord had levelled on her entire culture, on her very mother, by daring to treat such a precious object this way.

So consumed was Katara in her righteous anger that Azula’s utter lack of reaction to her captive moving in with violent intent didn’t register with her, or the smirk on her lips that would have clued her in to the realization that she’d played right into her hands.

She had gotten so close—mere feet away—to landing a blow square on Azula’s face when she spoke, clear and firm.

“Stop.”

With that, Katara’s body froze on the spot, fist and arm in mid-extension, her eyes blinking rapidly before going wide with bewilderment and more than a little raw fear.

“Wh…what?”

“Drop to your knees.”
All at once Katara’s legs simply ceased to hold her up, and she collapsed to her hands and knees, frozen in that position as if waiting for Azula to speak again.

There were no words for the terror that gripped her in that moment. Whatever this was, it was nothing like what Long Feng had done to Jet at Lake Laogai—she felt exactly as conscious of what her body was doing as before, and of her own thoughts; none of the fog that seemed to cloud his behaviors when he’d been activated by the former leader of the Dai Li. Was this some sort of Bloodbending? No, she’d been Bloodbent herself, and the raw pain of feeling your body twisted against itself was indescribable.

Whatever Azula had done to her was causing no pain at all— it was almost like her body had simply ceded control of itself to the Firelord. But how was this even possible? Apparently not interested in waiting for Katara to figure it out, Azula simply continued to issue commands, an amused expression playing on her face even as she partially covered her mouth with one hand, as if to lend her efforts an air of innocent scientific curiosity.

“Crawl to me on all fours—like an animal.”

As Katara felt herself awkwardly crawl forward, she silently urged her hands to stop moving, her legs to seize up, but she was there at Azula’s feet before she knew it, and found herself staring at her gleaming leather boot, the toe drawing carefully along her cheek before coming to rest at her frozen lower lip.

“Now, lick my boot until I tell you to stop.”

As she was compelled to run her tongue along the shoe, tasting the oil and leather and finding it repulsive, Katara was at least grateful in this unspeakable humiliation that she could at least scrunch her face up in disgust, and force herself to hold back her tears of shame. Whatever had been done to her, there seemed to be nothing forcing her to enjoy what she was doing, or to put on words or expression that conveyed as such. That small affordance offered little comfort, as she doubted this was the limit of what Azula wanted from her. For her part, the Firelord was beyond pleased.

“Now that’s getting your money’s worth,” she declared through a cruel chuckle. “I must say, the Dai Li never fail to surprise me, or to top even their best work. And this? You may not appreciate it, but what I had them do to you is so much more complex than a simple brainwashing job. It certainly appears the trigger I had them assign you was more than adequate. Also, you can stop, and stand at attention.”

Trigger?

As Katara pulled her face away from Azula’s boot and got to her feet, her eyes flickered around the room frantically. Did that mean that there was some object, or sound, or color that had activated this bizarre programming that now dictated her movements? But there was so much in this room alone, it might take weeks to figure out something subtle enough to escape her notice—

Wait. She couldn’t have… No.

Slowly, reluctantly, she felt her gaze fall to her most prized possession in the world, the sparkling necklace that now rested on her most hated enemy’s neck, and the smug little look on Azula’s face while she stood helplessly was all the answer she needed.

She was going to kill Azula with her bare hands.
“Now then,” Azula cleared her throat, her golden eyes taking on a dangerous glimmer. “I want you to turn around, push your loincloth aside, and sit back on my knee.”

Well. This was it, and as Katara’s body had immediately begun to follow Azula’s commands, there was no way for her to stall for time, to manage some distraction that would put this off for even another day. She simply had no other choice but to endure it, to hope that one day when this was all over she’d be able to forget the pain she’d suffered at the hands of a short-lived would be tyrant.

At least she literally wouldn’t have to face her, Katara thought with a bit of wry humor as she stood in position, both sides of her loincloth held in her right hand, leaving her nethers bare as she straddled Azula’s knee.

What she hadn’t expected was the jolt that ran through her as her labia settled against Azula’s pant leg, or the way she arched and nearly let out a raw, animal moan before catching herself.

“I said, sit.”

As if to emphasize her command, Azula’s fingers crept along Katara’s hip to rest on her thigh—which caused Katara even more distress as she went rigid, her breath audibly catching at the sensation—and insistently guide Katara down until her full weight rested on Azula’s thigh.

The feeling was beyond description, and Katara doubted she could form coherent words even if she’d been inclined to make the effort. It was as though her nerves flared violently to life wherever Azula’s body made contact with her own, a sort of primal, overwhelming euphoria that made it nearly impossible to form thought beyond the immediacy of what she was experiencing. She could hardly hold on to the intense fury she’d felt only moments ago, replaced by equally intense pleasure, but even completely blindsided by this new set of sensations, even already beginning to shake with compulsory desire that had no interest in her own feelings, she still had the raw willpower and innate hatred of Azula to not immediately give her the satisfaction of hearing her vocalize her moans.

The pathetic little whines that crept out from between her tightly pursed lips, and the heat of her arousal on Azula’s pant, didn’t exactly paint a strong picture of righteous indignation, however.

“Mmm. That’s more like it,” Azula teased, and even through her haze of blind arousal Katara felt a spike of hatred for her captor. “Now. You’re going to start grinding that cute little cunt on my leg, and make sure you put your hips into it.”

Unable to resist, and her body desperate to chase the wild reactions she was having, Katara felt herself begin to comply instantly, her breath hiccupping as she bit her lip, each thrust of herself along Azula’s surprisingly muscular leg making her shiver like she’d touched raw lightning. She felt something like molten heat curling in her belly with each stroke, her movements growing smoother and faster as her now dripping vagina made the pant fabric damp and slick, her scent growing heavier in the room with each passing moment.

“Oh, and one more thing—don’t hold back your little noises anymore. I want to make sure I hear all of them.”

As if to punctuate her new command, Azula’s hands slipped under the fabric of Katara’s flimsy halter top and firmly grasped her breasts, nails digging into dark, soft flesh and calloused fingertips squeezing her already hardened nipples.

The added stimulus was so much that Katara actually stopped grinding as her body shuddered and flexed under Azula’s grasp, and the keening, pathetic moan she let out would have made her
ashamed if she’d had the presence of mind to feel anything beyond her immediate pleasure. But her
desperate to keep doing as it had been told, resumed her pace quickly, and the building
sensation in the pit of her stomach seemed to grow more intense—dimly, Katara felt there had to be
relief coming, but no matter how much she rubbed herself on Azula’s leg or she twisted her
nipples, it seemed no closer…

Azula seemed to have caught on to the desperate whine that now tinged Katara’s vocalizations, the
shorter and faster little thrusts she made against her soaked pant leg. She gave a particularly cruel
little laugh before giving Katara’s breasts a possessive squeeze and speaking.

“Normally, you’d have to beg me for the privilege, but since this is a special first time for you, I’m
going to be generous only once. Slave,” Azula spoke, “…you may come.”

Just like that, the raging storm inside Katara went white hot, and she came undone with a scream
that left her jaw sore but from which no sound escaped. She felt herself violently jerk against
Azula’s leg, her breasts ache in those clawed hands as the steady stream of her arousal became a
downpour. She struggled to form words, but the incoherent sounds that escaped her barely
qualified as anything beyond animalistic. And just as quickly as the feeling of her first orgasm at
Azula’s hands had come, it dissipated, leaving her a boneless, bleary-eyed mess slumped against
the Firelord, breathing ragged and slow.

“Still feeling defiant?” Azula mocked, giving Katara’s sore nipples a last pinch before both hands
retreated, Katara managing a lovely little whimper even as she stumbled down from her high.

Katara wanted for all the world to hurt Azula for her mockery, for the shame she’d given her, but
honestly she felt completely without direction and certainty. She’d mentally prepared for
humiliation and physical suffering at the hands of the Firelord, but this kind of pleasure, even
unwarranted… she had no idea how to fight against that.

“Well, as much as I’d like to focus on breaking you in a little more tonight, I have some work to
do,” Azula sighed casually, as if she hadn’t just ordered one of her greatest adversaries to a mind-
blowing orgasm on her knee just moments ago. Still, she made no effort to move Katara from her
current position as she reached for one of the scrolls she’d brought with her, unfolding it with one
hand and beginning to read it. When a moment had passed in silence, save for her own slowly
focusing breathing, Katara began to think she might be allowed a bit of relief, with the implicit
expectation that she shuffle off Azula and leave her be for a while.

The sudden feeling of Azula’s other hand, now wrapped around her waist and sliding ever-so-
slowly down her pelvis and eliciting a yelp of pleasure from the unsuspecting Waterbender, made
it clear she wasn’t done playing with her altogether.

Katara had inferred that she’d also been programmed to respond involuntarily to Azula’s touch in
addition to her body’s compliance with direct commands, but she wasn’t prepared at all to find that
Azula was in fact, quite skilled at how to touch her even without the aid of sensory alteration. Her
breath came out in staccato gasps and coos as Azula’s hand cupped over her warm and wet core, a
pair of strong, slender fingers sliding back and forth between her engorged labia, the heel of her
palm grinding against the sensitive hood of her clitoris just enough to tease. Katara felt dumbstruck
as she stared at that hand play her like an instrument, her babbling noises the off-key notes eased
out of her like it required no thought or effort at all.

Indeed, Azula was simply reading her reports to herself while she made Katara twitch and moan
around her fingers, as if she warranted less thought than the slow, maddeningly simple motion of
that hand. All of Katara’s work, all her fighting and struggle and loss—not to mention all the effort
the Dai Li had put into reworking her into this… this plaything for Azula—and it hardly meant
even an active bit of her focus.

Katara hated her beyond words at that moment, but it hardly changed the desire overwhelming her body, the blind urge to recreate that glorious orgasm she grudgingly only had Azula to thank for. As it built up within her, Katara felt her breathing hitch, her body steadily shake, and at this moment she didn’t care at all that it was Azula, the heartless, manipulative monster driving her to this high. All that mattered was the feeling, and the sweet taste of her head being completely blank in the aftermath, the tiniest kind of solace she could hope to claim from this twisted scenario.

But then minutes passed, and while the mounting anticipation of release had peaked, it also hadn’t paid off or declined, just holding steady, and completely unprepared to deal with this kind of delay after discovering firsthand the results of being brought to climax, it didn’t take long before Katara began to squirm and whine, as if trying in vain to urge Azula to do something, anything that would provide the final push over the precipice she desperately needed.

But the Firelord, damn her, seemed completely oblivious to Katara’s needs other than maintaining her torturous pace. Grasping at her own breasts, trying to recreate the blind ecstasy that Azula had given her so easily, Katara was maddened to realize that the extra stimulus from contact seemed limited only to Azula herself.

“I told you,” Azula finally spoke up, not looking away from her scroll, “…if there’s something you want, you’ll have to beg me for it.”

It took a moment for the full weight of the implication to settle in, but once it did Katara frantically, desperately wanted to wish it away. Letting Azula make her orgasm was one thing, but to actually ask her permission? That was unthinkable. It was—

Spirits help her, but those fingers were driving her crazy. She could hear her own wetness squelching and dripping as Azula continued to tease her, and as much as Katara hated the mere idea of giving her the satisfaction so easily, her pride mattered in this instant so much less than coming right now and relieving this absolute madness.

“…Please…”

Her voice was so tiny it was practically a mumble, so as much as she despised her she was hardly surprised that Azula brushed her off with an exaggerated yawn.

“Mmm. Did you hear that? Must have been the wind…”

Grimacing, trying to hold her thoughts clearly even addled as they were by involuntary arousal, Katara spoke up, louder and clearer.

“P-Please… Please make me come.”

“I’m sorry slave, I didn’t quite catch that,” Azula teased, though there was a dangerous edge to her tone. “‘Please’ what?”

“…Make me… Please. Make me come…”

“Please make who what, now?”

The realization that Azula was toying with her hit with full-force as she suddenly stopped teasing her folds and simply slid two juice-slickened fingers inside Katara, curling them upwards and just barely dragging those long nails against the inside of her vagina, in a spot that instantly made Katara see stars and caused her to full-on buck against that hand that now became the absolute
focus of her entire universe.

“M-me! M-mah-make me come! P-p-please, please make me c-ahhh—c-come…”

“I’m getting impatient, slave,” Azula smirked as she leaned against Katara’s ear, and the clear emphasis she’d put on that word became the key the Waterbender realized she’d been missing. “Who are you, and what do you want?!”

“Y…your…”

Gods, even so close, being made to say it, like this, so desperately...

“Hmm? My what?”

“YOUR SLAVE!” Katara finally howled, tears itching at the corners of her eyes as she finally gave in. “PLEASE MAKE YOUR SLAVE COME! PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE MAKE YOUR SLAVE COME!”

There was silence, and Azula’s fingers stopped moving altogether, and just as Katara was afraid she’d missed her opportunity and would be left in this state for who knows how long...

“You may come.”

If her first orgasm had been bliss, this one somehow exceeded any expectations Katara might have had.

She felt herself squeeze Azula’s fingers as she gushed across them, her clitoris swollen and numb as Azula flicked it against her thumbnail, her whole body shake and lift while that amazing hand kept her cunt firmly planted against the Firelord. And all of it was punctuated by a long, low moan as Katara’s jaw hung open, her tongue lolling out and drool beginning to slide down her cheek.

As she collapsed against Azula for the second time that evening, her head swimming and breathing labored, Katara shuddered as those blood red lips teased along her sensitive ear, and the Firelord only said two words to her in a proud whisper. “Good girl.”

It should have made her so furious, but somehow, blinded and docile and hazy-headed after a well-earned orgasm, some treacherous part of her savored it, for less than a moment.

Without warning, Azula ordered her off and to sit on the nearby pile of blankets and pillows, before she stood and, apparently satisfied for the evening, grabbed her cloak of the back of the chair and began to leave.

Even in her lightheaded state, Katara saw Azula remove her betrothal necklace, and despite knowing that it was the key to her salvation if she could only summon the strength to stand and take it back, all she could do was collapse into the makeshift bed as Azula placed it back in the ornate jewelry box, then took it and her scrolls and left without another word.

Overwhelmed with the residual pleasure, even as it mixed with her wounded pride and the maelstrom of shame within her, Katara felt herself drift into a dreamless sleep.

When Katara awoke, it was deep into the night, and the blood-red of the room in daylight had faded into a soothing deep blue, punctuated by twinkling stars.

She felt just as dazed and disoriented as she had hours ago, but as she registered the long table
she’d seen when first coming into the room, still covered with fruits and breads, she realized just how hungry she was. Stumbling away from her bed, she was just able to make out some grapes and cherries (which had been pitted, she realized a little too late after wolfing down several), and to take a long drink from the now-stale water pitcher.

Wiping her face on the back of her hand, Katara’s eyes drifted to the balcony, and walking into the twilight, gazed out across the volcanic basin the Fire Nation Palace resided within.

As she stared blankly, the weight of the last day sank in, and she felt herself grip the railing, fingers flexing and straining.

For the first time in her life, Katara felt truly hopeless.

She had no Bending, no way that she could think of to steel herself against Azula’s manipulations, nothing she could do about how easily she’d… completely given in when granted just a taste of carnal pleasure.

True, so much of it had been Dai Li machinations but… those were her moans, weren’t they? She’d surrendered to that pleasure on her own. She’d begged Azula for release. Her pride didn’t see it as anything beyond a failing on her part, even if the scale had been tipped against her.

She thought about Azula’s promise again—that when the time came, she’d choose her of her own free will. It had sounded impossible in the moment, but now having been at the receiving end of what Azula could do...

She still felt she could resist, when the time came. But there was the smallest flicker of doubt where none existed before.

Idly, she glanced down over the edge of the railing, and comprehending the long drop, a thought occurred to her. One she’d never even consider in any other circumstance, but now… what if Azula decided she needed to be closely monitored from here on? What if she never had a free moment to herself again, to make her own choice?

Just as she felt resolved to jump, she caught the moon out of the corner of her eye—a sliver, one she’d hardly noticed at first—and suddenly she was struck with an epiphany.

She knew her Waterbending was blocked—even if Azula hadn’t told her, she’d wanted to make sure herself—so that was obviously out of the question.

…But what if her Bloodbending still worked?

Of course, she’d never liked the discipline, especially after her first encounter with it. Forcing people to do your bidding against their will… the very thought made her sick, and the pain of being manipulated was so raw she hated the idea of forcing it on others.

But then, much had changed in the last day, and her situation was decidedly quite dire. And if there was one person in the world who deserved every bit of the pain that came with being Bloodbent, it was Firelord Azula.

Granted, it was a longshot—it might still not work if the Dai Li’s mental block was sound… but then it was a skill that only her and one other person in the world had mastered, or even knew of. There was a world of difference between hope and running on blind faith… but could she really let the memory of her family… of Aang… go so easily? Who else would carry them on, if not her?

Who else could rally the resistance from the brink, if not her?
Clenching her fists, gazing up at the moon, Katara breathed deeply of the night air, resolute. It didn’t matter what Azula had planned for her. She would find a way to endure it. She’d pin all her hopes on this one slim chance.

She’d escape, and take her life back in about a month’s time.

And the new Firelord would pay dearly for every insult she’d endured to get there.
It felt strange, given the circumstances, that Katara had ended up sleeping soundly through the rest of the night. But then after who knows how long of a straw cot in a cold, drafty cell, those blankets and pillows were quite welcoming.

She also had never been fucked to the point of exhaustion, to be fair.

The volatile blend of emotions within her had simmered to a dulled, lurking sort of anxiety, but with a goal in mind she at least felt like there was a focus, something she could hold on to no matter how depraved Azula’s plans for her became.

This was her reality now, but it wasn’t a permanent one. And that at least gave her some comfort.

To that end, Katara set about prodding and poking the borders of her admittedly lavish cage. She was unsurprised to find the twin doors leading out didn’t budge, though she made enough of a commotion that a guard in full armor opened one suddenly, and regarded her briefly before stating quite plainly that she was not to leave without Firelord Azula’s express consent or presence before pulling the door closed once more.

Futile, perhaps, but she’d at least confirmed the suspicion that she was essentially under guard for the foreseeable future—any escape attempt would need to negotiate that. Having looked over the balcony on the opposite side of the room last night, she knew that was a long, vertical drop, and at least a cursory glance at what she’d been able to see of the palace indicated that the architecture didn’t lend itself well to being scaled by hand, and she doubted that her blankets were long enough even tied together to reach a distance safe enough for her to drop. And since there didn’t seem to be anything that suggested a trick wall or other kind of hidden passageway, the ultimate conclusion she came to was that she was effectively stuck here.

Grudgingly, Katara had to admit that whatever she’d expected being Azula’s… concubine would entail in terms of her standard of living, this was at least more comfort than what she thought the Firelord would bother to make available to her. There were no heavy chains keeping her in place—the collar seemed to make her status clear enough, and with no Bending there was no reason to keep her fully restrained. In addition to the table of food (which seemed to have been refreshed at some point while she’d slept), there was a small vanity and bath in the corner, but no change of clothes—it seemed that this outfit was to be her only one for the remainder of her time here.

Just as Katara considered that she might as well take advantage of the bath—feeling slightly guilty about the promise of hot water for the first time in ages—the corner of the room just beyond her bed caught her eye, and she realized she hadn’t really given it much thought beyond her initial brief study the first time she’d come in.

Curiosity winning out, she decided the bath could wait for a few minutes.

As she stared at the rack of objects, Katara was puzzled at first. Leather whips, restraints, shackles, harnesses, blindfolds—if she had to hazard a guess, these were torture devices. But then Azula had said she didn’t intend to torture her, right? Unless she’d changed her mind, or other slaves of the Firelord were even more defiant…

However, noticing another section—this one consisting of phallic objects, ranging from small and abstract to large and realistically detailed—made the overall purpose considerably clearer. Shaken, she meant to turn away, before one particular toy caught her eye. It was nearly the length of her
arm, translucent blue that gleamed like a jewel in the sulight, wider in the middle before narrowing and capped off with a rather bulbous, rounded head. Gripped with a rather morbid curiosity, Katara reached out gingerly and traced it with her fingertips, finding the phallus cool and smooth to the touch. The idea that something like this could fit inside her, or else be made to... she couldn’t even imagine it. Azula’s fingers—

Katara felt herself swallow, the memory of how tightly she’d wrapped around those digits, how desperately she’d relented to Azula for the promise of more making a spike of shame rise in her chest. Even so... what would it be like to have something like that driven into her?

What if Azula ordered her to?

Gasping, shaking herself coherent out of the strange, dark place that idle thought had taken her, she shoved the phallus back onto the shelf as though it had almost attacked her, then promptly headed for the bath.

The hot water would clear her head, she reassured herself.

It was late evening again when Azula finally arrived, and Katara was dismayed to find the Firelord’s cloak already off, and her mother’s betrothal necklace already around her throat. She supposed it didn’t matter terribly, though—Azula would certainly have attacked her for any attempt to step out of line, and without her Bending that was only going to go one way. Gritting her teeth and enduring was still her only real option for the time being.

“Turn around and face the corner.”

Katara felt herself comply automatically-- the deep conditioning the Dai Li had applied to her working thanks to her own necklace—and found herself staring at the wall of leather and phallic devices, or at least the portion of it that was within her view. Listening hard, Azula’s boot-clad shoes pattered against the hardwood floor, trailing along the same wall, and Katara quickly inferred that she was weighing her options. It seemed ironically fitting that she should decide to implement these after her own discovery this morning. Suddenly she noticed that the rhythm of Azula’s footsteps had stopped briefly, punctuated by the Firelord speaking idly to herself.

“Strange. This one seems to have been moved, but no servants have been here since early morning. How curious...”

Katara felt herself turn a bit pale, the sly implication not lost on her.

“Well, you’ve certainly made an excellent choice. I’ll sate that curiosity of yours, my little Water Tribe peasant.”

The next few moments became quite mysterious as Azula went silent, but there was no shortage of unusual sounds that echoed into Katara’s little corner. A heavy thud, the scraping of wood on wood, sturdy metal being moved and the low, irregular grind of metal screwed into place. When Azula finally spoke again, it was another command.

“Turn around now.” As she did so, Katara was so unprepared for what she saw that a little gasp escaped her, much to Azula’s clear delight.

Part of the floor—a panel that matched perfectly with the woodwork—had been moved to the side, revealing a plate of gleaming steel underneath, and attached to it in the center pointing straight up, was the blue glass phallus she’d been captivated by earlier. She could just barely make out what
looked like a steel rod attached to the inside, holding it in place to the metal plate in the floor. Viewed from this angle, the object came nearly halfway up to her calf.

“Slave,” Azula began, and Katara cursed the little shiver that ran through her for some reason at that title, “…You will position yourself over this toy, so that it’s resting on your cunt.”

Katara, for her part, wasn’t entirely sure what was expected of her, but her body seemed to understand the order well enough; she found herself standing directly over the phallus before slowly lowering herself down on the balls of her feet until she gave a little yelp, as the cool glass head of it nestled right between her labia, and she simply held position with her knees half-bent and her body squatting over the thing. She was silently furious to find herself already damp as the glass warmed from prolonged contact with her vagina. Even with her body under Azula’s influence, she still had physical limits, and already after nearly a minute of holding this position Katara felt her knees begin to ache. She had no lack of physical strength, but even so eventually she would lose her balance and be fully impaled on the toy, and in that Katara gathered a sense of what Azula intended for her.

This was some sort of twisted game.

“Start playing with yourself.”

There was no way for Katara to resist as she felt her hand slide between her legs, brushing under her sheer loincloth to directly touch her clit, eliciting a gasp from the Waterbender as her fingers began to tease the swollen bundle of nerves at the crest of her labia. Even in this situation—and admittedly lacking the raw electric pleasure that had come from Azula’s touch—Katara was astounded at how good it felt, and with no order from Azula to stop she started to lose herself in the immediacy of the pleasure, trying not to rush herself as she kept in mind the throttle the Firelord had on her actual ability to claim release.

That wasn’t helped by the introduction of the large glass phallus she hovered over, however. Even teased like this, she could tell the experience of having it inside her would be nothing like Azula’s touch, or anything else she’d yet experienced. As minutes ticked by and her legs started to tingle from the sustained effort of balancing her, that small, treacherous part of her that thrilled at Azula’s compliments also wanted her to simply drop all at once, to know exactly what it would be like…

“Very good, slave,” Azula smirked as she watched Katara pleasure herself with ravenous gold eyes. “Now, while you touch yourself, look at me. Don’t take your eyes off me no matter what.”

Automatically, Katara’s blue eyes were drawn to her captor, and even in her haze of arousal she gave Azula the best scowl she could manage, given the circumstances. But it was then she noticed Azula had slipped off the shoulder pads, boots and gauntlets from her outfit, and with a knowing smirk she unfastened the clasp on her robe before pulling it open.

She was completely naked underneath, and her firm breasts swayed slightly as she worked on taking off her pants as well, toned arms and stomach flexing with her movements. They quickly formed a pile with the rest of her clothes, exposing the Firelord’s slender, firm legs, the sharp curve of her hips, her clean-shaven vagina…

“Like what you see, slave?”

Katara blinked, suddenly aware that as she’d continued to stare at Azula, she had fingered herself to the point she was actively dripping on the floor, that her jaw had been hanging open as she’d been transfixed by the apex of her captor’s legs. She felt herself turn red and, unable to look away, simply glared.
Clearly, this was more of Azula’s manipulation at work.

She couldn’t stay focused on the question of what manner of new programming this could be, however, as her quivering legs finally dropped just enough for the head of the massive glass phallus to easily slide within her, and completely taken off-guard, Katara only went ramrod straight as she gasped, head swimming from the bizarre sensation of having something so thick and hard teasing her now dripping cunt.

“Now, sink down,” Azula finally spoke, clearly enjoying the show, “…and take it all inside you.”

Katara’s body seemed to have no interest in her mind’s own desperate pleadings to wait as she felt herself adjust her legs, before she promptly dropped herself fully on the toy, its head brushing against the deepest part of her as she sat into place on her knees.

The sensation of her first penetration was completely beyond description. More than mere pleasure or pain, Katara had never felt so… utterly full. Her head had flown back as her eyes had gone unfocused, the steady rhythm of her fingers on her swollen, sore clit had devolved into erratic shaking (but had never stopped, as Azula hadn’t ordered her to), and every bit of fear or anger or anxiety had evaporated. It was like she had become a blank canvas, but the only person left who could possibly paint on it was none other than Azula.

And as much as the mere sight of Katara like this seemed to please her, she wasn’t done with her just yet.

“Now, slave, I want you to fuck yourself on that toy.”

As Katara lifted herself up steadily, eyes helplessly glued to Azula’s naked form, she felt herself give out a pathetic, keening little whine as the mind-numbing fullness of the glass phallus inside her receded, only for her body to smoothly squat back down and feel it stretch her out in a way that made her shake all over.

There was a low, animalistic moaning noise she was dimly aware of every time the toy bottomed out inside her, accompanied by shallow panting as it nearly slid out of her soaking cunt, and some part of Katara realized that those feral, incoherent noises were actually coming out of her.

To her combined horror and astonishment, there was no qualifier she could come up with to mitigate what was happening to her, or her very real arousal as she gradually fucked herself silly on the floor, at the mercy of the Firelord. This was absolutely fucking incredible.

And still she was unable to drag her gaze away from Azula, and while the hatred she had for this monster remained unbroken, the simple fact was that the sheer lust she felt at this moment, the ever building urge to come, was overwhelming her sense of right and wrong and love and hate in this moment. Spirits help her, she could see herself burying her face against those lovely breasts and kissing, biting all the way down to her stomach, licking her arousal off those fingers, doing anything and everything imaginable to wipe that proud, infuriating smirk off her gorgeous face and seeing it twisted in blind ecstasy as she came—

Somehow, between her increasingly wild fantasies and mindlessly driving herself to the point of near-orgasm, Katara didn’t realize that Azula was before her until she had gripped the Waterbender around her jaw and forced her to look up at her captor, the touch sending another rush of pleasure into her. Somehow, that grin was even more cruel than normal, but it made Katara shiver.

“Heh. I wish you could see your own face right now, slave,” the Firelord purred down at her, and only vaguely aware of the drool and sweat and tears soaking her face, along with her own half-
lidded eyes and lolling tongue, Katara felt sure she had never looked more depraved in her life.

“P-please let… your slave come,” Katara managed shakily, never losing her rhythm but feeling that desperate urge boiling away in her core. “Please… please l-let your slave come…”

Azula almost looked like she was going to let her, for a moment.

“I feel like I might have been… a bit generous last night with you, slave. Fresh meat and all that. But you really should address me properly, don’t you agree?”

Katara wanted to say yes, anything, just please let me come, but all that she managed was half a nod and a sweet little coo of pleasure as she relentlessly continued to obey Azula and fuck herself raw.

“If you’re my slave,” Azula offered with an almost maddening degree of patience, like she was calmly instructing a child, “…then what am I to you?”

The speed with which Katara offered her answer, completely without thought or the shadow of resistance, would have left her speechless if she were clear-headed and rational. But as it was…

“…Master.”

For the briefest moment, Azula’s face was inscrutable before breaking into a leering smile. Letting go of Katara’s face, she instead brushed her fingers along the top of her scalp before they wrapped tight into her hair, and pulled her face right in between the Firelord’s legs.

Even completely ravaged by lust as she was, Katara was left gasping and speechless as Azula’s cunt was placed so roughly right before her eyes, the distinct scent of her arousal and the sight of those lips and clit so close to her tongue sending her brain into a whirlwind. She was so overwhelmed, so incredibly eager in that moment to serve Azula—her Master—however she wanted to be served, that the actual order she gave was more of a vicious tease than anything.

“You haven’t earned this yet, slave. But I want you to start anticipating it. Craving it more than anything you’ve ever wanted in your sad little life. Take it in, and keep begging.”

There was no clear line at this moment between what Katara actually wanted and the base desires driving her, and obediently she inhaled Azula’s musk deeply before letting it out with a shuddering groan. There was so much—too much—for her to process in this moment as she continued to ride the glass phallus and finger herself as well, and yet she still managed to do everything Azula ordered of her.

“Please Master, let your slave come… P-please Master, let your slave come… Please Master, let your slave come…”

She kept repeating the words like a mantra, long after she had stopped processing any meaning from them, the desperation for climax so all-consuming she feared she might simply die. But finally, graciously, Azula gave her the small mercy she ached for.

“You may come, slave.”

Somehow, each orgasm Azula granted her was better than the last. The phallus hilted deeply inside, Katara simply twitched and gushed and drooled and moaned as she rode it out and gave the toy a few more shallow strokes before pulling herself off with the last of her strength and simply collapsing to the floor.
Her eyes rolled back, soaked in a puddle of her own come, still mindlessly rubbing her clit, Katara bore no resemblance to the prodigious Waterbender and freedom fighter she’d been not so long ago.

But she felt so good that at this moment she couldn’t bring herself to care.

Azula chuckled over her, apparently pleased with her handiwork, before she moved to put her clothes on, and then for good measure, leaned down to press her lips on Katara’s ear, and reaching her hand down to place a possessive hand on her still squirting cunt.

“Good girl.”

Katara only moaned weakly in response, too overwhelmed to even move, and as she heard Azula walk to the door and leave she felt herself drift off to sleep.
Doubt

“Rise and shine, slave.”

Katara’s slow, unsteady return to consciousness was abruptly hastened by the feeling of the golden collar around her neck digging in tight, roughly pulling her up and to her knees. Sputtering, it took her a moment to focus before she realized that Azula was before her, and unlike yesterday seemed to have no interest in giving her time to prepare.

Instead of being either fully clothed or naked, this time the Firelord wore a slimming corset in bright red leather that emphasized her modest curves, along with silken stockings that went up to her thigh and matching leather gloves that stopped at her shoulder. Her cunt was fully exposed, and it took a moment for Katara to realize she’d been staring before turning away, her shame at having given in so easily yet again last night filling her less with anger at her captor and more at her own weakness.

She’d had a private interest in women that she’d known of for a few years, but this particular woman, and in this situation? That was madness she didn’t dare entertain if she could help it.

But then she thought, noticing the glittering gem of her mother’s betrothal necklace already on Azula’s neck, for now she didn’t have much say in the matter. Patience offered little comfort, but she could hardly afford to be picky.

With every day the full moon came closer, and the chance for her freedom with it.

“On your knees,” Azula finally declared, and compelled by her subconscious programming, Katara immediately complied. “I have something special in mind for you today.”

At first, Katara could hardly imagine what would qualify as ‘special’ given what she’d already endured at the Firelord’s hands, but when Azula turned to face her, she held only a simple red sash, doubled over into a bandanna that she held between her, as if to give it a significance to her prisoner that was lost on Katara until Azula simply placed it over her eyes and fastened a knot securely behind her head.

Katara could now see nothing—blackness with the slightest crimson tint—and being robbed of one of her senses gave her a renewed feeling of anxiety. She hadn’t realized until this exact moment how much at least a vague idea of what was coming from her captor had given her even a small bit
Katara felt herself gasp as her cheek abruptly smacked against the cold tile, the odd feeling of being completely helpless to control her own body magnified as it simply did as Azula commanded. A cruel, satisfied ‘hmph’ from off to her left indicated that the Firelord had confirmed what Katara herself had surmised: the programming Azula had imprinted that caused Katara’s movements to conform to her will didn’t require her to have constant visual awareness of the betrothal necklace to function. Seeing it on Azula was the only trigger the conditioning had needed to kick in.

She isn’t prepared at all when there’s the slightest, gentlest touch of leather-clad fingers along the inside of her knee trailing ever-so-slowly up her thigh, and the way her body tenses in anticipation elicits the slightest smug chuckle from Azula, leaving Katara to grimace shamefully into the floor.

She’s even less prepared for the firm open-palmed slap on her left butt cheek that makes a loud crack in the air, knocking the wind out of her from shock so fast she doesn’t even have the chance to shout out in pain. But just as the pain had begun to settle in, a pair of Azula’s fingers were teasing between her legs, and unable to control herself Katara let out a little mewl of pleasure.

There was hardly a pause as Azula smacked her ass again—this time on the right side—before stroking her fingers along Katara’s clit again, and the Water Tribe girl felt herself respond positively to the motion.

“How does it feel, slave?”

Katara bit her lip as Azula hit her rear again, horrified to realize that while it hurt just as much as before, there was something else mixed in with the pain… a sensation she tried to fight off even as it redoubled from the feeling of smooth leather on her nerve center once more.

“Answer me.”

She had to obey, Katara grimly realized. Her conditioning wouldn’t allow her any other option, no matter how badly she wanted to hold her tongue.

“G-good…” She managed just as Azula spanked her twice on each side of her ass, making Katara
jerk her hips up as her voice died in a high-pitched yelp, leaving her so disoriented she couldn’t hold back the deep moan that tumbled out of her as Azula’s hand cupped her pussy, firm and possessive but steady.

“Hmm. Good girl,” Azula praised her mockingly, and as she spoke again Katara felt that same hand pull away from her (she couldn’t help jerking her hips back, almost instinctively chasing that touch) before it smacked with an audible clap right between her legs, directly on her swollen clit. “I’m glad to see you being so honest.”

Katara felt her eyes bulge behind the blindfold, her body going rigid before collapsing onto the floor in violent shuddering, her lungs filled with a deafening gasp that never quite left her mouth. She could feel herself nearly go right over the peak of orgasm, held back only by the virtue of her conditioning, and the sensation was utterly maddening. She could feel herself twitching, soaking the ground, but the distinctive feeling of release was simply… not there. Somehow, this was even worse than being made to come at Azula’s command, and in the face of such a distressing state her gradually crumbling resistance and defiance quickly faltered.

“P-please Master, let your Slave come,” Katara muttered, body shuddering and squirming even as she raised her ass once again, nearly automatically.

“Such a good, good girl you’re becoming,” Azula replied, clearly pleased with Katara’s ‘progress.’ “But you’re going to have to be patient a bit longer, Slave. Now don’t move.”

Without another word from Azula, Katara dimly heard her rise to her feet and walk off to some other part of the room, feeling her back begin to ache the longer she stayed in place until there was the patter of Azula returning to being behind her, followed by the slow but unmistakable squelching of liquid, the friction of a hand moving rather deliberately up and down. Moments later Katara gasped as she felt something cold and oily sliding down the crack of her butt, yelping as Azula’s fingers slowly began to tease around the rim of her asshole.

Katara squirmed instinctively at first, snapped out of her lustful stupor by the boldness of Azula’s actions and the decidedly foreign sensation of having her ass played with, but as the Firelord continued—her pace steady and deliberate, almost considerate even—she gradually felt herself relax bit by bit, the tension and reflexive fear melting away, replaced by a dull sort of arousal that tickled somewhere deep in the pit of her stomach. Even as Azula pressed a single finger into her sphincter, then a second, before spreading and scissoring them inside her at that same maddening pace, Katara felt a low moan rumbling in her throat, breathing even but shallow as she felt herself begin to dampen the floor anew.

“That’s right. Just relax, Slave. I’d like this to go as smoothly as possible.”
“Wh… wha…?”

Azula said nothing, but somehow even with her vision obscured, Katara could almost feel the smirk she was certain the Firelord was making. After a moment, she stopped and withdrew her fingers, but just as Katara was starting to almost miss the oddly arousing pressure, she felt something hard, cool and slickened with oil press against her now-stretched anus, Azula’s long fingernails digging into her hips as her hands settled on either side of her waist. Somehow, Katara felt a strange sort of anticipation well up inside her, amplified by her blindfold and the almost possessive way Azula was holding her in place.

“Now… would you care to repeat your request from earlier, Slave?” Azula asked, the smugness palpable in her voice. As she did so she shifted forward ever so slightly, the cold smooth object she was pressing against Katara’s sphincter sliding in just a bit with her motion, and she knew almost immediately what was going to happen at the Firelord’s slightest whim or movement. “If you do a good job, I just might reward you.”

Katara was silent for a long, long moment, before she finally spoke, quiet but certain.

“Please Master… let your Slave come.”

And with that, Azula grunted as she thrust forward, and another glass phallus—much like the one from yesterday, Katara realized, but textured and ribbed instead of smooth—slid deep inside Katara’s ass, only stopping once Azula’s hips met her own buttocks with a powerful clap of skin against skin.

“Come, Slave.”

Katara had been mid-gasp, just barely starting to process how Azula was fucking her, when the order hit her and she simply came undone, practically howling with a bit of pain, but far more pleasure than she’d anticipated—and combined with the climax she’d been denied before, she was far from capable of downplaying the intensity of her honest physical reaction. She was profoundly aware of how hard she was coming, leaking all over the floor as she trembled violently, her tongue lolling as she struggled feebly to calm herself.

For the longest time, Azula simply stayed where she was, hilted inside her, almost as if she was giving her time to adjust to the sensation of being penetrated like this. But soon enough Katara felt her pull back, the phallus inside her drawing out until only the head remained within (the feeling of
Azula withdrawing was nearly as overwhelming, and she may very well have come even without being ordered to) before she thrust in again.

“Come, Slave.”

Katara came hard again, audibly squirting on the floor, her toes curling as she arched her back, her moaning more guttural and deep than before. She heard Azula chuckle darkly behind her before there was a sharp pressure against the back of her scalp, and through the sudden added rush of intense sensation realized that Azula was pulling her braid, forcing her to bend back until she held her firmly in place, spine aching from being forced into such an awkward position.

And yet somehow for Katara, as Azula began to set her pace and firmly, steadily began to properly fuck her, this didn’t feel humiliating or shameful.

It felt… amazing.

To be certain, the humiliation and shame were there, but rather than overwhelm the maelstrom of reactions and sensations Katara was losing herself in, they complemented the raw pleasure, along with the physical pain as well. All she had to do was... simply do as she was told, and come when she was ordered, and it was almost enough to make her forget that this was a punishment of sorts; that even slightly indulging this was practically a betrayal of everything she had believed in and fought for up to now.

Her thoughts were interrupted by Azula’s signature cruel laughter, and the sweet added sensation of the Firelord’s fingers messily playing with her sopping wet cunt, juices flowing freely over those slender digits.

“You really are born for this, my little Water Tribe whore. Even the best of my little pets didn’t enjoy getting fucked in the ass the first time this much. You’re just loving this, aren’t you?”

“Y-yes, Master,” Katara stammered through Azula’s now-brutal pace, surprising herself with the immediacy of her response. “It... It feels so good…”

“I’m sorry, it’s simply too funny to me,” Azula mocked, pulling Katara’s braid just a bit harder, eliciting a squealing, strangled yelp of arousal as she brought her free hand up to lock her fingers into Katara’s mouth, clawed fingers stroking her extended tongue, giving her the slightest taste of her own liquids. “Such a strong, prideful Bender like yourself—I hate to say it, possibly even a match for me in a fight—and yet here you are, coming yourself silly like the masochist slut you
really are. Don’t you agree?”

Maybe the arousal was simply too much for her to focus, or some hint of her old pride had resurfaced at the slight, but Katara said nothing aside from her own moans and whimpers of pleasure, at least until Azula clutched her firmly by the jaw and craned her head back so their faces were mere inches apart, the heat from Azula’s own face apparent to Katara even through her blindfold.

“Answer me properly, or I’ll stop.”

Katara hated the idea of giving Azula the satisfaction of her admission, but there really was no choice; the conditioning thanks to the trigger of her mother’s necklace was going to force her to speak the truth anyway, and somehow that gave her an odd sense of comfort even in as depraved a situation as this.

This wasn’t her. Not really. This conditioning was forcing her to behave this way, and all she had to do was endure just a little longer. Even if all this was starting to make her realize things about herself that she’d never have admitted to with anyone, things she hated and was ashamed of, soon she’d be free and all this would be a bad memory.

What was the harm, then, in giving Azula what she wanted, so she could indulge herself just a little bit and pass it off as being out of her control?

“Y-yes. You’re right… Master, you… you fucking my ass feels so fucking incredib--!”

Suddenly Azula returned to railing her, even faster than before, and combined with three fingers hammering away inside her cunt, Katara felt herself go from simply passively accepting Azula’s ministrations to actively meeting them. Giving into the situation, Katara began to bounce back against Azula’s pelvis, resting her weight on one arm so she had a hand free to play with her own clitoris while Azula continued to finger her.

Steadily, Azula ordered her to come, nearly once for every time she bottomed out inside her rear, until finally she simply collapsed on the now soaking wet floor, completely spent. As Katara panted weakly, her eyes rolling back in her head behind the scarlet blinder, she felt Azula finally pull out of her with a slick pop, punctuating her dominance over the utterly exhausted Katara with a final smack on her abused ass. There was a commotion as Azula shuffled around the room—no doubt collecting her clothing—before she felt the Firelord’s presence close to her once more, and the slight tug and loosening of the sash around her face indicating that Azula was finally taking it off.
Katara blinked hard as light flooded her senses for the first time in what felt like hours, and as her sight came back into focus Azula was looming over her, her face inscrutable as her clawed fingers brushed along her jaw in a gesture she might have even considered affectionate if she didn’t know far better.

“Good girl,” Azula leered, and Katara felt almost ashamed at the spike of lust that pooled weakly between her legs at those words. She felt like she could drift off for hours, days even, right then and there, but then she realized something rather peculiar the longer she looked up at Azula.

Or rather, it was the absence of something that brought back a touch of lucidity.

“Wh… where’s the necklace?”

“Hmm? What’s that, Slave?”

“My… mnh…” Katara struggled to sit up, her exhausted body barely cooperating, fingers struggling to find purchase on the slickened floor, before ultimately giving up and laying back down, gazing up at the kneeling Azula. “My mother’s… necklace. The one… you’ve been using on me…”

“Ohhh, you mean this?” Azula inquired with mock astonishment as she produced it in her hand from behind her back. “Hmm. I suppose it must have come off at some point, silly me.”

Katara blinked, and too worn out to put much effort into disguising her reactions, the look of slow, absolute horror that crept over her face seemed to bring a warped smile to Azula’s own.

“Wh… What do you mean? Haven’t you been wearing it this whole time?”

There was a desperation in her voice now that Azula appeared to be doing her absolute best to not gloat over too obviously.

“Well, it’s hard to say, isn’t it, Slave? I definitely had it on when we started, but… well, you were so… ‘enthusiastic’ that I simply can’t remember. Best not to dwell on it too much, hmm?”

A stunned silence hung in the room, and after Azula gave Katara a moment to absorb the weight of
her implication, she simply moved to the door.

“Sleep well Slave,” Azula called mockingly as she exited, and once the door had shut Katara felt her hand slip over her mouth, her breathing quicken as she began to panic.

She was absolutely certain that Azula had made her mother’s betrothal necklace her conditioning trigger. There was no doubt at all about that. And she was equally certain there was no way it could have simply fallen off. Which left only a pair of questions that for the first time in this ordeal left her shaken to the core.

How much of this—her reactions, her behavior—had been the conditioning?

And how much of it had been *her*?

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